

BLAZING BATTLES EXPLODING WITH COMBAT

# SOLDIER

10¢ A Fawcett Publication

COMICS

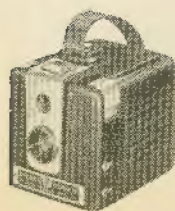
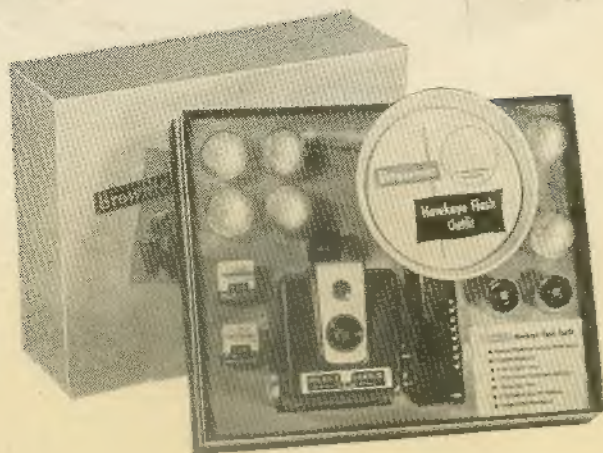
MAR. NO. 2



BAM

BOOM

THIS IS IT!  
HIT 'EM!



**Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit.** Here you get the Brownie Hawkeye Camera, (flash model with shutter that sets off the flash), film, flash bulbs, batteries, flashholder and instruction booklets. It's all set to go—just load, aim and shoot. \$13.75 complete.

Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, alone \$7.45 (Flashholder extra, \$3.95).

# Loads of fun ahead with gifts like these

The fun goes on—and on—when the gift is a Kodak Camera—especially when it arrives complete with a flash outfit.

For it means you can take swell snapshots of holiday fun—of sports, friends, vacation and everything else.

It means you can get them indoors or out—in black-and-white or in full, sparkling color.

One of these Kodak Cameras as a gift will make it a wonderful Christmas. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

## **Kodak Duaflex Flash Outfit.**

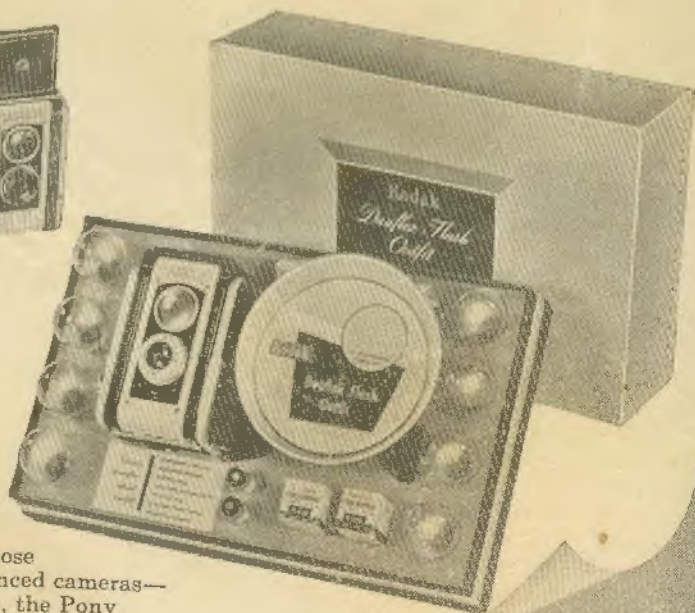
This kit gives you the twin lens reflex-type camera with the Kodar f/8 Lens and big hooded viewfinder. With it come flash bulbs, batteries, flashholder and instruction booklets. \$29.25.

Kodak Duaflex II Camera alone with Kodet Lens \$14.95. With focusing Kodar f/8 Lens \$22.95.



*Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.*

**The Kodak Pony Cameras**—for those who set their sights on more advanced cameras—convenient minatures in two sizes, the Pony 828 (Bantam) \$32.00, the Pony "35" (35mm) \$36.75. For color enthusiasts.



**Kodak**  
TRADE MARK

In the annals of the War Department  
**THE OCCUPATION  
OF YONGYANG**

will be set down as purely a "local action"--if the official historians bother to record it at all. It is therefore extremely unlikely that there will be any mention at all of a certain **HILL 629**, or a certain **SERGEANT HARMS!**



**B**ut there are some--the **LUCKY** ones--who will never forget Hill 629. Those who came down its slopes and went forward to fight on other slopes and other hills, will **NEVER** forget it!

THAT'S THE HILL, MEN --- 629 ON YOUR MAPS! IT COMMANDS THE ROAD WHICH IS THE KEY TO THIS WHOLE SECTOR! NOW, HERE'S THE PICTURE...



... MY ORDERS FROM DIVISION HQ ARE TO GO IN, OCCUPY YONGYANG, AND KEEP IT OUT OF RED HANDS UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS MOVE UP TO CONSOLIDATE OUR NEW LINE!



TO HOLD YONGYANG, I'VE GOT TO HOLD HILL 629 OR MY WHOLE FLANK IS EXPOSED TO THE ADVANCING COMMUNISTS! ... AND...



... I CAN'T DO IT! IF I LEAVE A COMPANY TO HOLD 629, I HAVEN'T ENOUGH MEN LEFT TO TAKE YONGYANG!

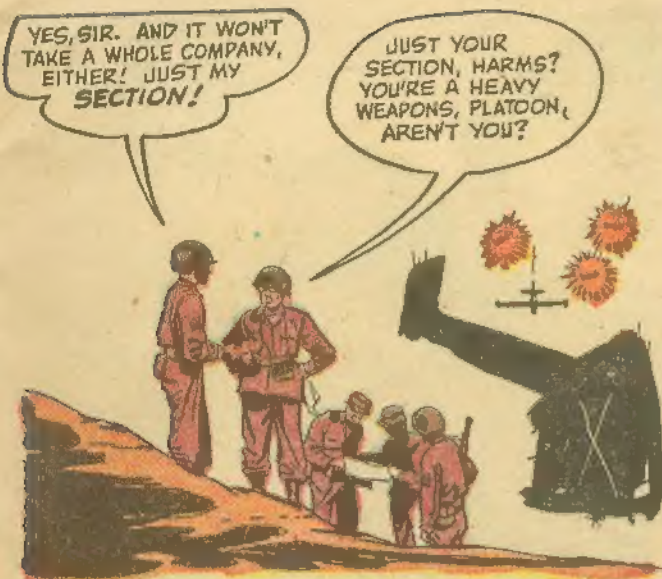
AND VICE VERSA!

COLONEL SIMMS IS RIGHT!



COLONEL, SIMMS, WE CAN HOLD BOTH 629 AND YONGYANG -- AT LEAST UNTIL DIVISION HQ CAN GET FRESH TROOPS UP ON THE LINE!

OH, YOU THINK YOU SEE A WAY, SERGEANT HARMS?



YES, SIR. AND IT WON'T TAKE A WHOLE COMPANY, EITHER! JUST MY **SECTION!**

JUST YOUR SECTION, HARMS? YOU'RE A HEAVY WEAPONS, PLATOON, AREN'T YOU?



RIGHT, SIR! STRIKES ME THAT HILL COULD BE HELD FOR QUITE A WHILE WITH OUR HEAVY MACHINE GUNS AND .81 MM. MORTARS!



HMMMM! IT **MIGHT**, AT THAT!

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, SERGEANT?

IF WE LIGHT OUT FOR 629 PRONTO, WE CAN BEAT THE REDS TO IT! THEN WE SET UP OUR WEAPONS AND SIT BACK AND WAIT FOR 'EM!



IT'S WORTH A TRY, SERGEANT! BUT I CAN'T ORDER YOUR MEN OUT ON A SUICIDE JOB LIKE THAT!

I KNOW MY MEN, COLONEL! **NOBODY** HAS TO ORDER THEM!



**Soon...**

THANKS, ROYAL!

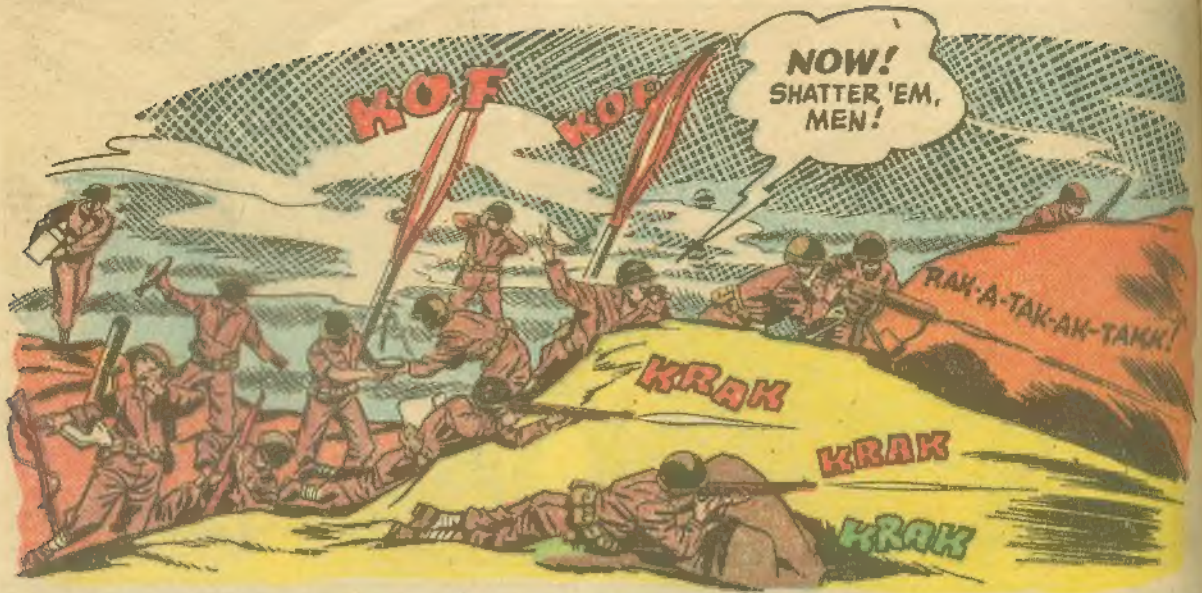
FOR WHAT-- **VOLUNTEERING?** THINK NOTHING OF IT, HARMS!

BARNUM SAID THERE WAS ONE OF US BORN EVERY MINUTE!

YOU'RE SO **RIGHT**, EUSTACE!



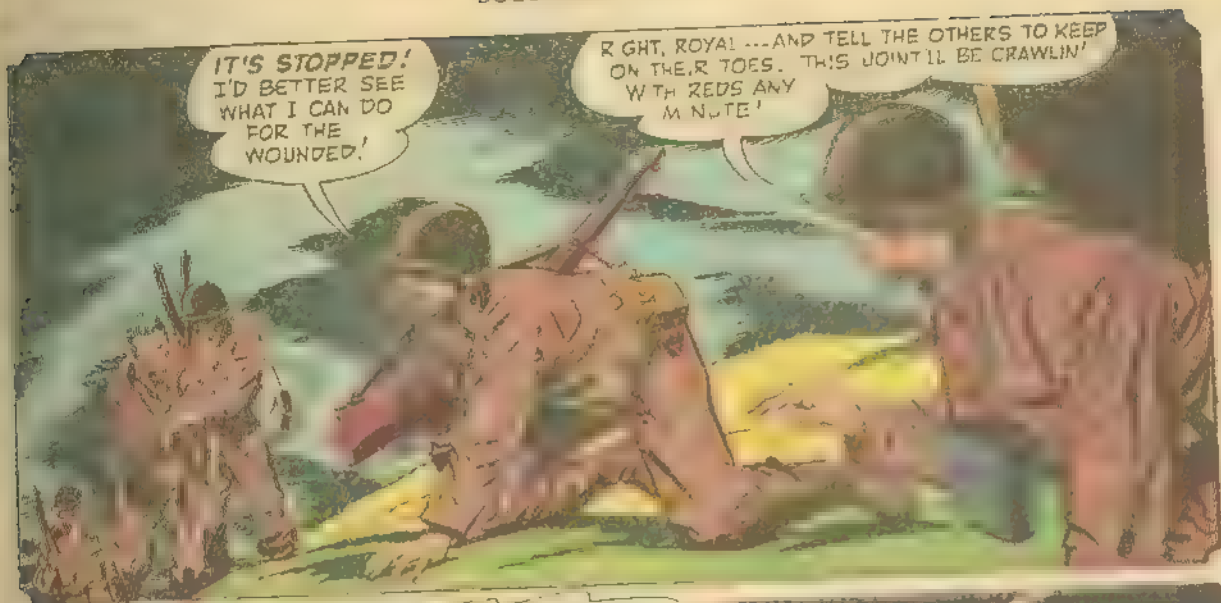




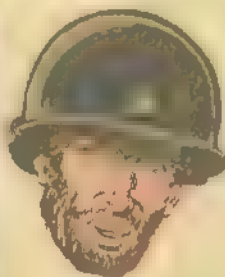


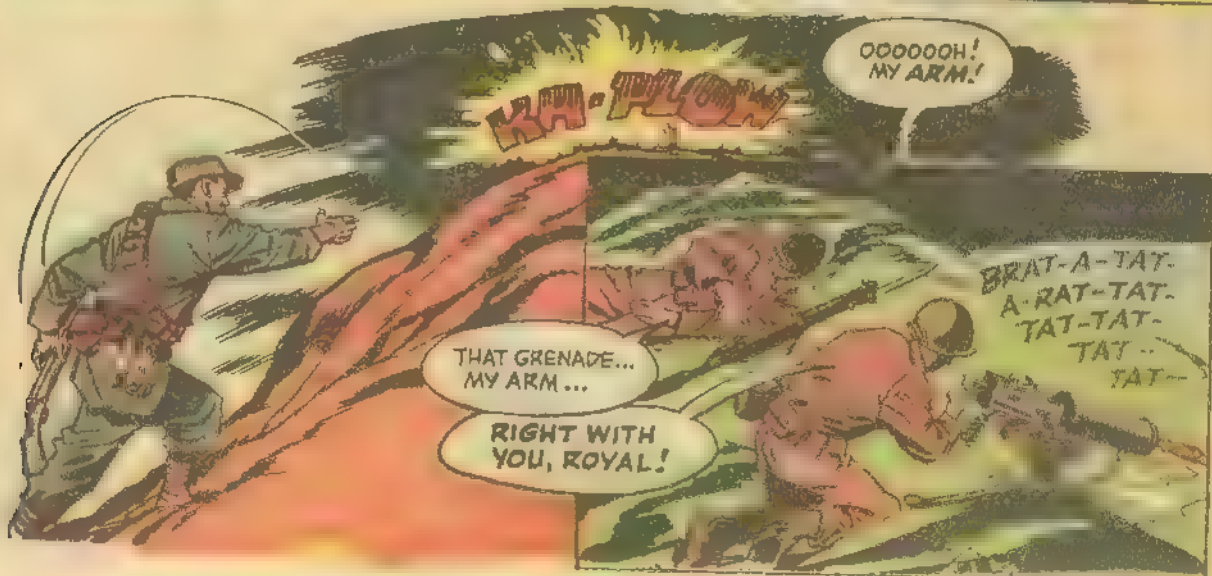
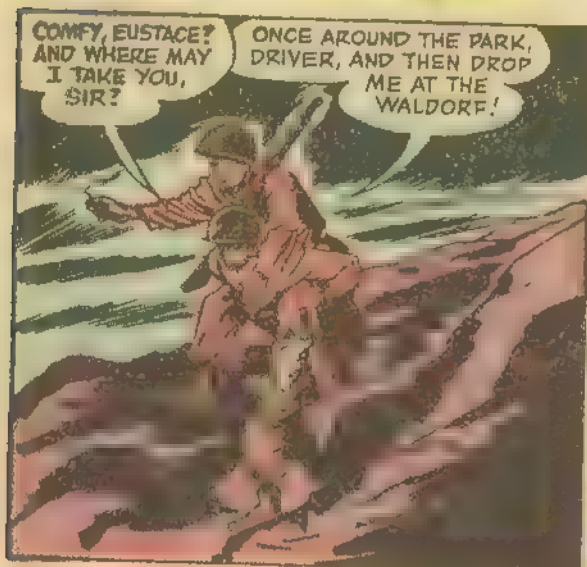
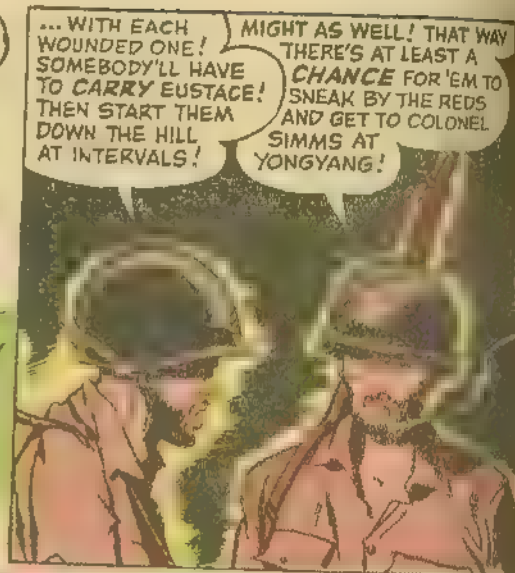
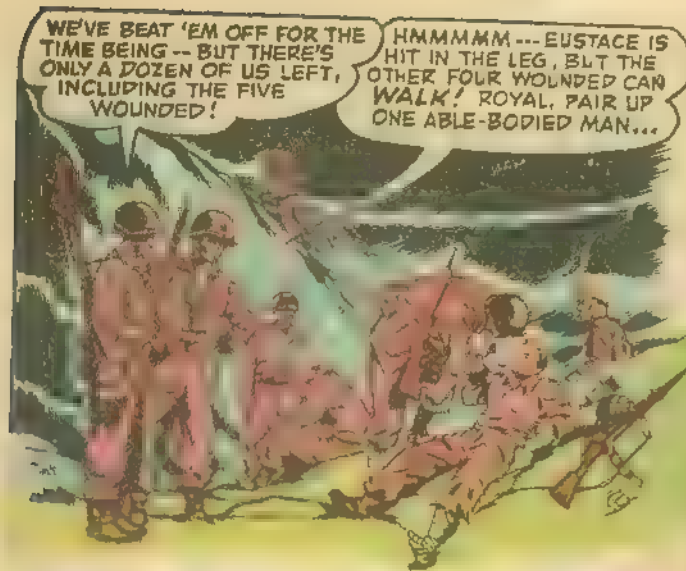


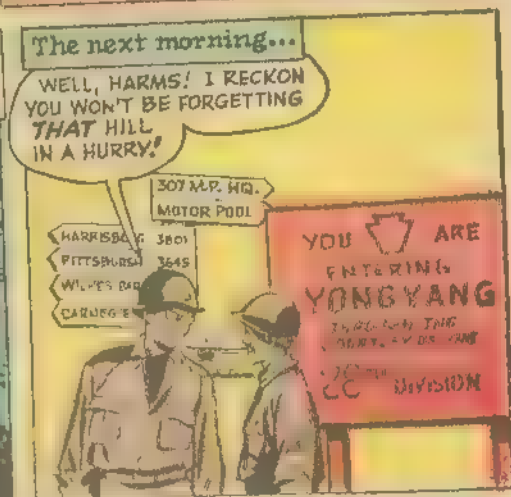
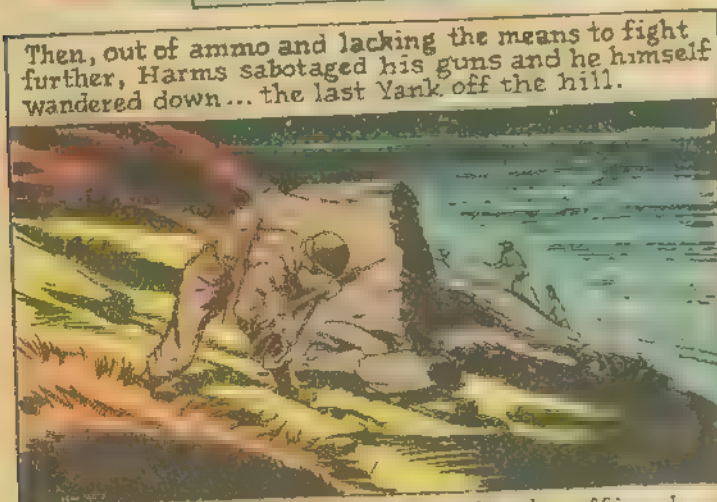
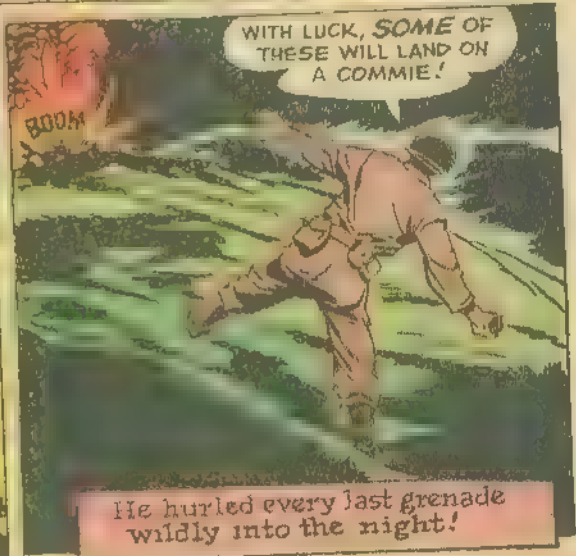
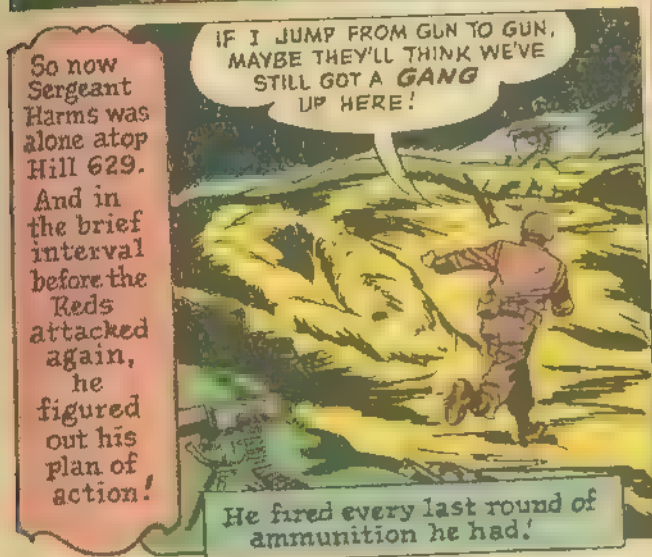
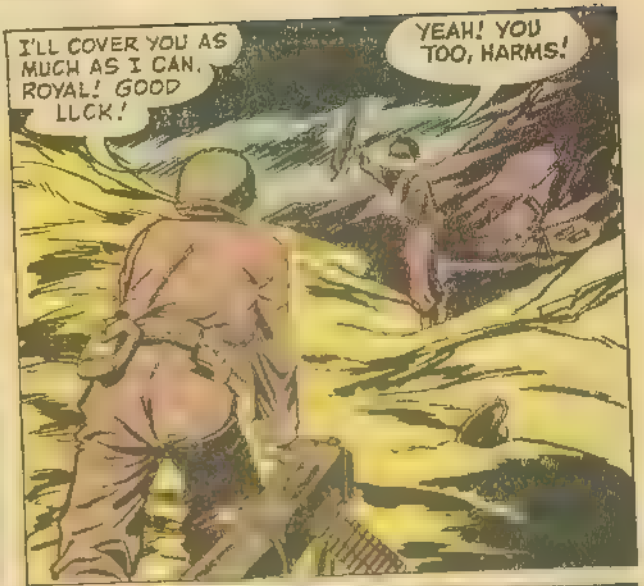
SOLDIER COMICS



WE GOT VISITORS.  
BOYS! **GREET**  
**'EM!**







But all you'll be able to find in the official report is, "on that day, elements of the 28th Division of the 8th U.S. Army occupied Yongyang."



# DANGER IN DISGUISE

By John Martin

**T**HE attack on Choseoul had begun. Before the mighty barrage of steel the UN forces had laid down at dawn, the North Korean battalion fled eastward toward the only escape route. But it was already blocked by a string of tanks rolled across the road.

Private Orville Kenny rested his gun on the tank tread.

"That ought to hold 'em, sarge," he said to his NCO. "Yes, sir! They're on the run already!"

"Look, sonny boy, pipe down," Sergeant Bill Remsen said. He poked his head cautiously around the parked tank turret and fired a burst from his burp gun.

"Like I said, sarge . . ."

"Listen, dope, these commies are cleverer than you think. They're slick as a whistle, and don't you forget it!"

Orville pointed down the road where the enemy was retreating. "But they've practically surrendered!" He took out a bright red bandanna and mopped his forehead.

Whannnnng!

An enemy bullet fired from a nearby height glanced off Orville's helmet and rang like a bell.

Orville's head vibrated like a tuning fork.

"Get your peapod down!" Remsen growled. Then he threw Orville a sarcastic look. Orville's eyes were coming back into focus. "So they've surrendered, hey? Why you lame-brain, so long as there's one of 'em within two miles your life isn't worth a bent dime." The sergeant shook his head and turned to the soldier on his right. "I'm tellin' ya, soldier, they never learn."

Private Orville Kenny's buddy, Rick Bowers, nodded soberly. "Well, *he* doesn't anyway. 'And I know. I've been with him all the way from Taigu, and he still thinks this is a pushover." He scratched his head. "But don't think he's really hopeless, sarge," he said, casting a fond glance at his buddy who was rubbing his right ear. "Orville'll make his mark yet."

"If he doesn't keep his head down, he'll make it with a white cross," Remsen grumbled.

"Okay, everybody, climb aboard! We're going into Choseoul!"

"But what about the enemy, sarge?" Private Kenny asked. "They're still around, aren't they? You said yourself . . ."

"Take a look," Remsen commanded.

Orville looked over the top of the tank tread. The enemy who had only minutes before been clearly visible as a bunch of ragged backs running down the road had disappeared.

"Where—where'd they go?" he croaked. Remsen's eyes widened.

"Soldier, am I wrong, or have you been spending most of the war at KP?"

"That's right, sarge," Rick Bowers said. "It wasn't his fault. Not all of it, anyway."

"That accounts for it," Remsen rumbled glumly. "Well listen, pal, you may think everything's quiet, but it isn't. Every one of those sons 'o guns know they're surrounded and can't get out of the Choseoul triangle. And right this minute, they're melting into the peasantry. After all, all a North Korean has to do to look like a farmer is just throw away his gun!"

"Oh," Orville said. He looked at Rick Bowers. "That's bad."

The tanks carried them two miles further along the road and then debouched down a big incline. In a valley at the bottom lay Choseoul. It wasn't a small village, but sprawled for two or three thousand feet along a narrow stream. In the market square the assembled peasants glowered at the UN forces that came rumbling in on the tanks. Orville, from his vantage post behind the tank turret, took one look and shuddered.

"They look pretty mean," he remarked. "I don't get it. Usually they're out with brass bands when we come in."

Bowers, who lay stretched out beside him, got a tighter grip on his rifle. "This village is different," he said. "It's never been in our hands before, which means the peasants believe all the lies the commie soldiers tell 'em."

"Yeah," Remsen broke in. "We eat North Korean babies for breakfast and steal the false teeth from everybody over sixty!" He

grated his teeth. "Look at 'em," he growled. "I'll bet a month's pay that half of 'em were enemy soldiers an hour ago."

A slight chill trickled down Private Orville Kenny's spine.

"If we can only hold on for a couple of days, he heard Sergeant Bill Remsen say, we won't have to worry."

"Why, sarge?" he asked.

"By then our supply trucks'll come up and we can start feeding these people and how 'em we don't mean to starve 'em. When that happens they'll turn those enemy soldiers in themselves . . ."

*Clap!*

A rock, hurled from within the crowd, smashed into the tank turret.

" . . . I hope," Remsen concluded with a frown.

At the end of the square, the tanks turned and stopped. Then the infantry marched in. Within two hours the town and the area surrounding it were garrisoned and put under curfew. Bowers and Kenny, who had been sign painters in private life, were set to work painting up the various signs for the new headquarters. They did this in the backyard of the ex-Mayor's house. On the other side of the stone fence clustered stern-faced peasants. From time to time, Orville laid down his brush and felt behind him for his gun.

"This is getting me nervous," he said, every five or ten minutes."

And Rick Bowers would look up and say, "Whaddya think they are?"

By nightfall, most of the dispositions of the troops in the area had been made. Remsen, coming from an interview with the commanding Colonel, crossed the market square and ran into Orville and Bowers who were coming out with the signs.

"Get that stuff up quick," he said. "And report for guard duty. 'There ain't a sign of what's left of that battalion anywhere around the countryside. That means that most of 'em have hidden in town."

Orville Kenny stared. A strange light dawned in his eyes. Then, clutching his gun in one hand and a hammer and nails in the other, he started off.

Choseoul was quiet until an hour after midnight. Suddenly a siren sent Sergeant Bill Remsen flying into the market square. The

first thing he saw was the absence of Orville Kenny from his guard post in front of the Colonel's headquarters. The siren wailed like a convention of banshees. Then soldiers started to pour out of the commandeered barracks. Remsen barked as Rick Bowers came up.

"Where's Orville Kenny?" he demanded.

"Down—down there, sarge," Bowers said.

"Look!"

A searchlight cut loose from the headquarters roof. It outlined Orville Kenny and what looked like a dark mass of ragged peasants. Remsen started running down the square. He stopped in front of a fenced-in building with a pile of boxes under canvas in front of it. On top of the pile stood Orville Kenny with a burp gun trained on ten Koreans. They all held their arms aloft in token of surrender. Orville saluted.

"I guess these birds are what's left of the enemy battalion, sarge," he said.

"What?" Remsen roared. Then he glanced closer. "What makes you think so?" he demanded.

Orville grinned and came down off the boxes.

"WELL, sarge," he began. "I know—we had to find 'em or else we'd wind up getting our throats slit in the dark. So I made a sign saying PX, and nailed it up over this pile of boxes. The villagers here don't know what PX means, but an enemy soldier would. They've all been in and out of villages we've occupied. I figured they'd be hungrier than horses for anything they could get their hands on, since they know our PX had everything they could use to survive. So I just waited and they started sneaking up here a while ago—and then I pulled my burp gun on 'em."

Remsen watched the captured enemy soldiers being marched away by a squad. He wagged his head.

"If I didn't see it myself, I wouldn't believe it," he said.

Rick Bowers looked at Orville Kenny and grinned.

"I told you he'd make his mark yet, sarge. Orville's a sign painter, isn't he?"

THE END

A

CAT HAS NINE LIVES, THEY SAY..... BUT HOW MANY LIVES HAS A DOG ? YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN.....

# NO MORE NOISE FROM SNAFU

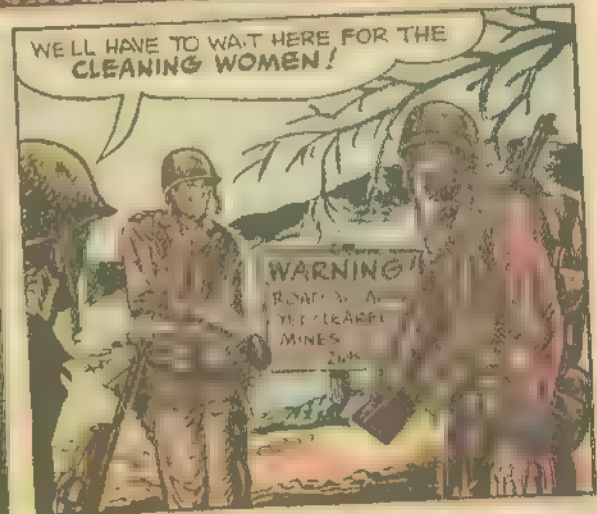
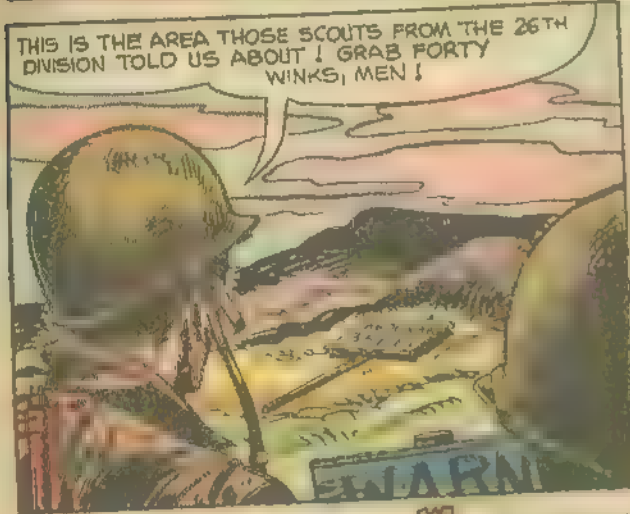
NORTH OF THE 38TH PARALLEL, A FEW MONTHS BACK...

PLANT CAREFULLY YOUR MINES, SOLDIERS OF THE NEW ERA ! LIKE SEEDS IN THE GOOD EARTH SOW THEM ! THIS TIME THEIR PROPER HARVEST WILL BE REAPED !

HOW WISE S COMRADE LING FANG ! A HARVEST WILL INDEED BE REAPED FROM SUCH SEEDS AS THESE !

AIE ! A HARVEST OF YANKEE LIVES !

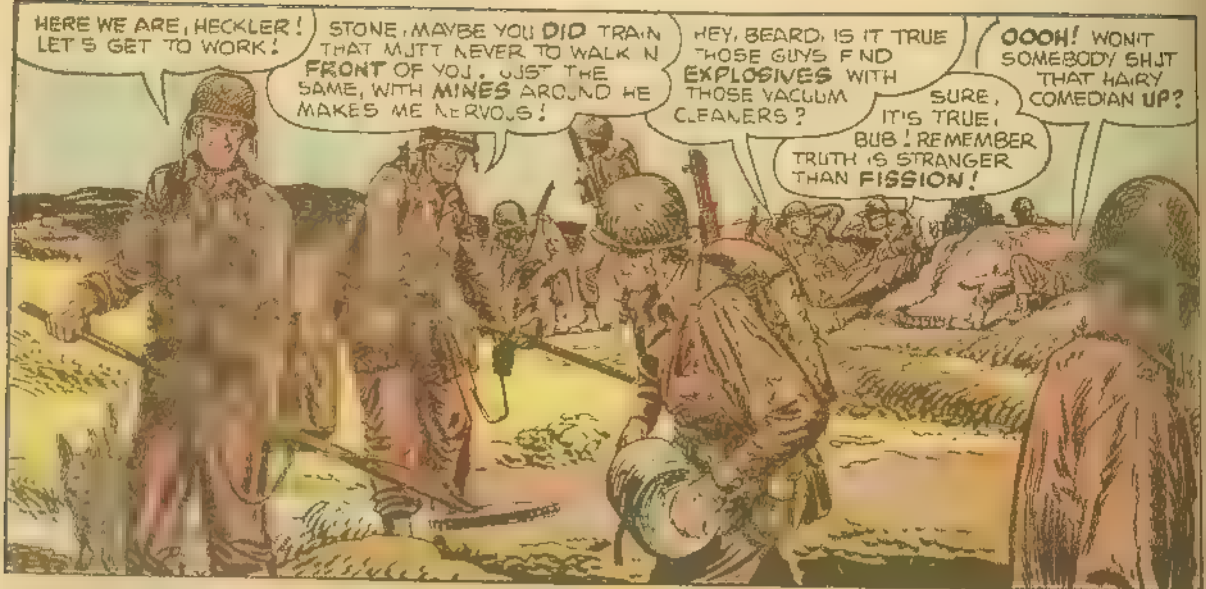




WHAT IS A CLEANING WOMAN? A GUY WHO "SWEEPS" THE GROUND AND PLUCKS LIVE MINES FROM THEIR EARTHY COCOONS---THAT'S A CLEANING WOMAN. HE'S A DEATH-OR-GLORY BOY FROM THE FAME OR-FINISH SQUAD.



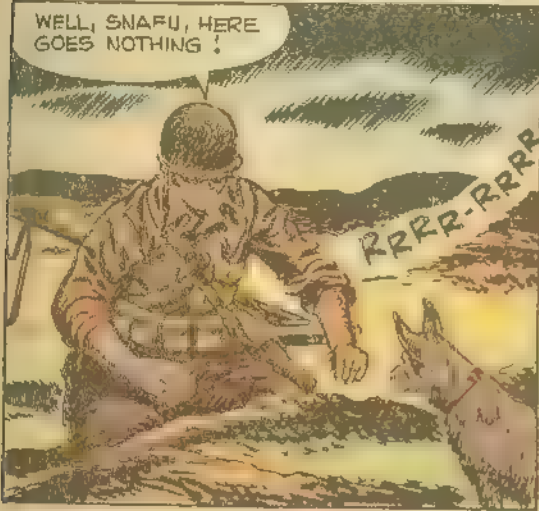
THIS IS PRIVATE BOB STONE. HE'S A CLEANING WOMAN. BUT WHAT, YOU ASK, IS THAT RIGHT BEHIND HIM? WHY THAT'S SNAFU! HE'S A DOG!



# SOLDIER COMICS

WITH INFINITE CAUTION, BOB STONE CLEARS THE DIRT FROM AROUND THE MURDEROUS DEVICE!

WELL, SNAFU, HERE GOES NOTHING!



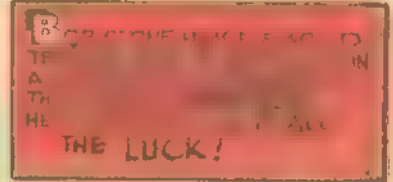
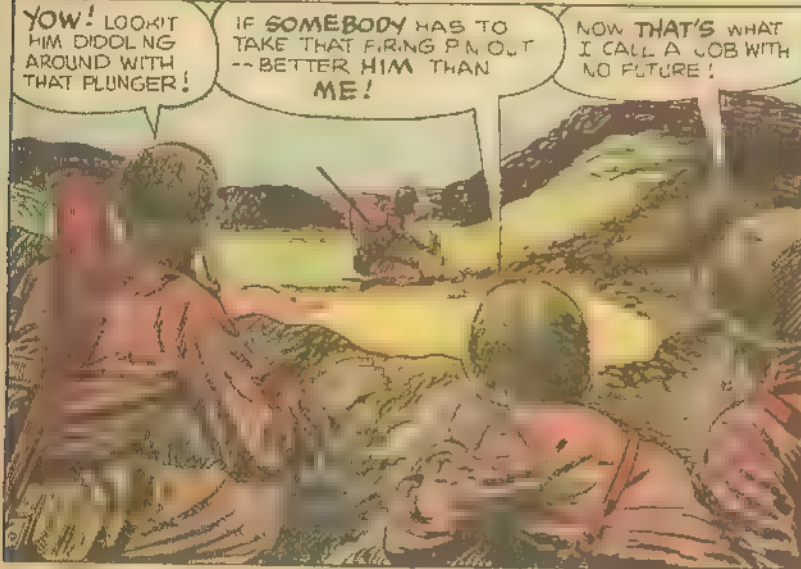
HMMMM... A RUSSIAN TYPE MARK III MINE! SO FAR, SO GOOD!! NOW WE'LL TAKE THE STINGER OUT, EH, SNAFU?



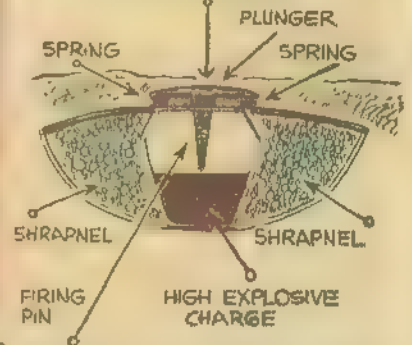
YOW! LOOK! HIM DIDOLNG AROUND WITH THAT PLUNGER!

IF SOMEBODY HAS TO TAKE THAT FIRING PIN OUT -- BETTER HIM THAN ME!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A JOB WITH NO FUTURE!



PRESSURE HERE DRIVES FIRING PIN INTO CHARGE



THERE, NOW... EASY DOES T ...EASY...HA! GOT IT!

WITHOUT THIS FOR SOMEONE OR SOMETHING TO TREAD ON, SHE CAN'T EXPLODE, RIGHT, SNAFU? NOW WE'LL JUST MOVE THE MINE WELL OFF THE ROAD!



HA! IS DOGFACE SOLDIERS BELOW! IS FANTASTIC OPPORTUNITY TO STRAFE SAME!



# UUURRRR

IT'S A RED STRAFER!  
DUCK, CLEANING WOMEN!

GET UNDER COVER!  
SNAPU! TAKE OFF!





WOW!  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE!

YOU OKAY,  
BEARD?

I THINK ME  
WHISKERS IS SINGED!

STAY DOWN, GUYS!  
THAT RED'S BULLETS  
ARE SURE TO HIT A  
MINE OR TWO NEXT  
TIME HE SPRAYS THIS  
ROAD!



AIN'T GONNA BE NO  
NEXT TIME! LOOK  
WHAT THE COMMIE'S  
GOT ON HIS TAIL!

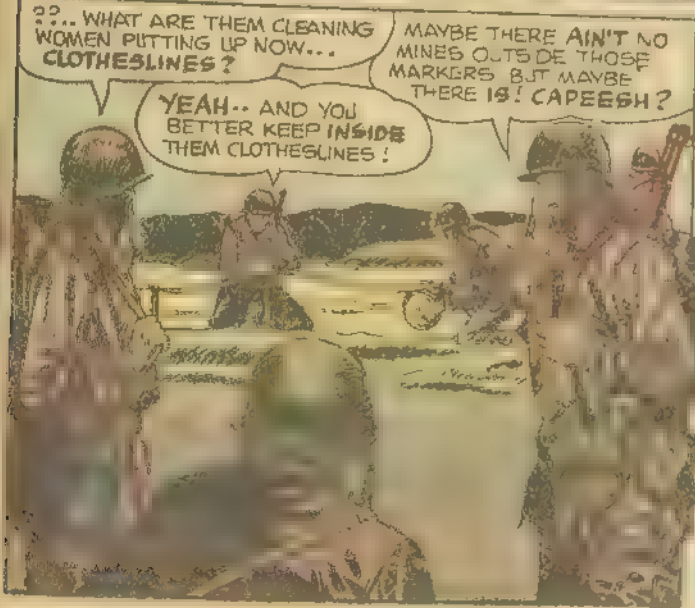
YUK-YUK! UNCLE  
JOE'S GONNA  
HAVE ONE LESS  
JET TONIGHT!

IT'S AN  
F-86!

YARFF!



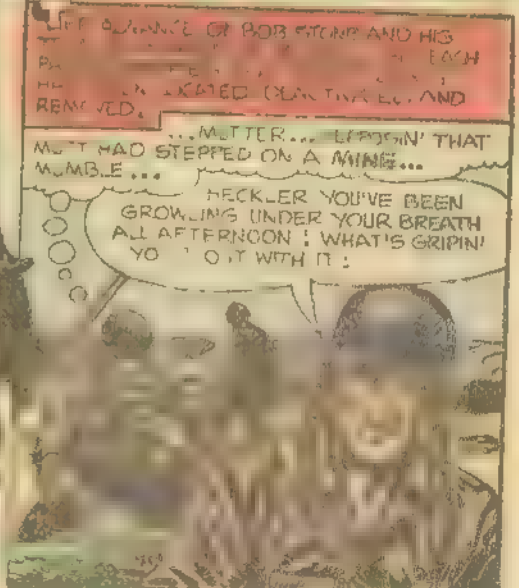
ALL RIGHT --- WE'VE GOT A LARGE AREA TO SWEEP, SO LET'S  
GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD, MEN! START STRINGING  
THAT TAPE!



??... WHAT ARE THEM CLEANING  
WOMEN PUTTING UP NOW...  
CLOTHESLINES?

MAYBE THERE AIN'T NO  
MINES OUTSIDE THOSE  
MARKERS BUT MAYBE  
THERE IS! CAPEESH?

YEAH.. AND YOU  
BETTER KEEP INSIDE  
THEM CLOTHESLINES!



LIFE AWAITS OF BOB STINE AND HIS  
BROTHER... EACH  
HOLD ON... KATED (KATIN'?) AND  
REMOVED.

...MUTTER... LEADIN' THAT  
MUTT HAD STEPPED ON A MINE...

HECKLER YOU'VE BEEN  
GROWLING UNDER YOUR BREATH  
ALL AFTERNOON! WHAT'S GRIPIN'  
YOU 'OUT WITH IT!

STONE, I SEEN THAT MUTT TEAR OFF IN A PANIC WHEN THAT RED PLANE HIT US! YOU GOT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE GETS US ALL EXPLODED!



HECKLER'S HATED SNAFU EVER SINCE I STARTED TRAINING HIM A YEAR AGO!

GET THIS STRAIGHT, HECKLER! THE DOG DIDN'T PANIC WHEN THAT PLANE STRUCK! SNAFU DIDN'T EVEN TAKE COVER UNTIL I ORDERED HIM TO!

GRRRRR



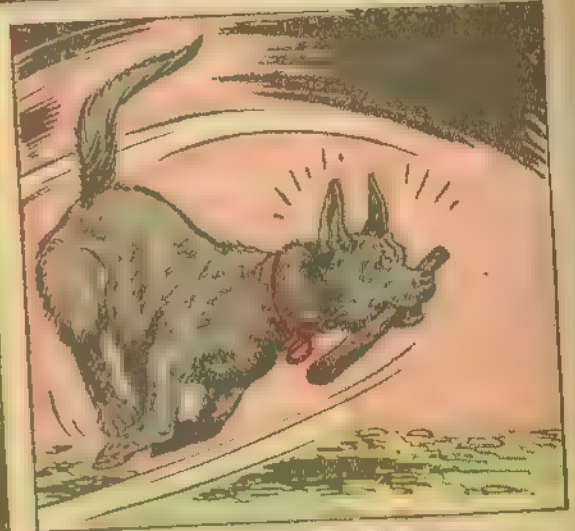
AND AS FOR GETTING US EXPLODED. DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. SNAFU'S GOT MORE SAVVY THAN A LOT OF PEOPLE I KNOW, WATCH THIS!



BOB STONE PICKS UP TO FLING HIM THE SAFETY TAPES.

GET IT, SNAFU!

YURRUFF



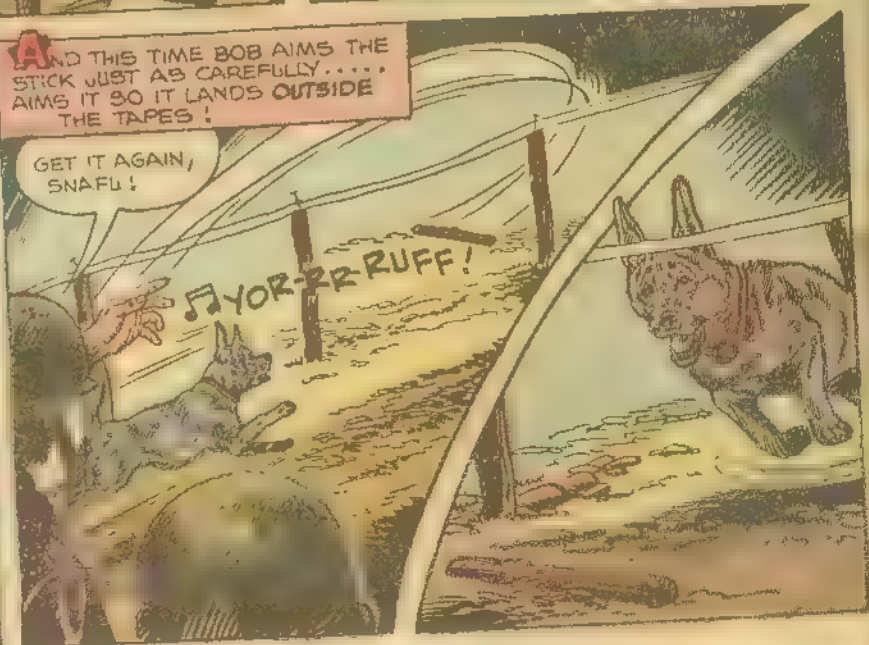
GOOD BOY SNAFU.



AND THIS TIME BOB AIMS THE STICK JUST AS CAREFULLY..... AIMS IT SO IT LANDS OUTSIDE THE TAPES!

GET IT AGAIN, SNAFU!

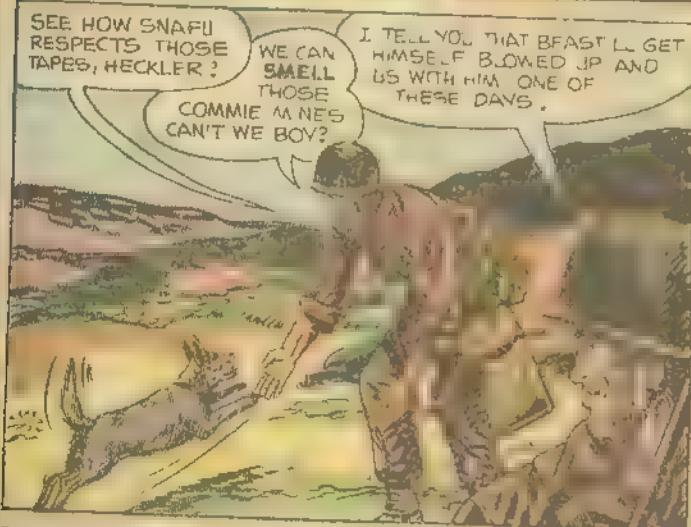
YORRRUFF!



# SOLDIER COMICS



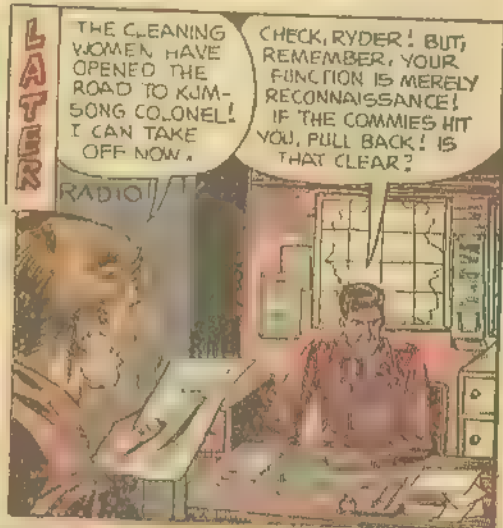
GOOD BOY! ALL RIGHT, SNAFU, COME ON BACK WITHOUT IT!



SEE HOW SNAFU RESPECTS THOSE TAPES, HECKLER?

WE CAN SMELL THOSE COMMIE M'NES CAN'T WE BOY?

I TELL YOU THAT BEAST'LL GET HIMSELF BLOWED UP AND US WITH HIM ONE OF THESE DAYS.



LATER

THE CLEANING WOMEN HAVE OPENED THE ROAD TO KUMSONG COLONEL! I CAN TAKE OFF NOW.

CHECK, RYDER! BUT, REMEMBER, YOUR FUNCTION IS MERELY RECONNAISSANCE! IF THE COMMIES HIT YOU, PULL BACK! IS THAT CLEAR?



THE OLD MAN WANTS TO KNOW HOW MANY REDS ARE ABOVE KUMSONG, AND WHAT THEY'RE UP TO. IF THEY HIT US, WE'VE GOT TO PULL BACK!

AND COMING OR GOING WE'VE GOT A RIGHT SMACK BETWEEN THOSE TAPES EH, LE TENANT?

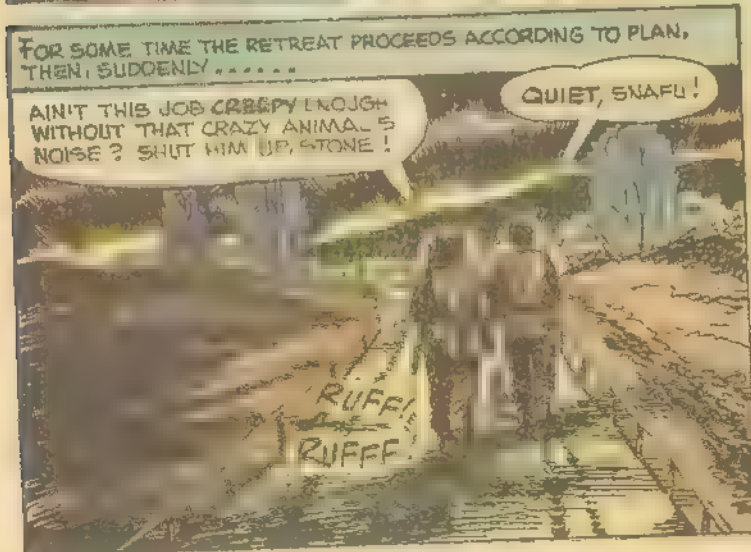
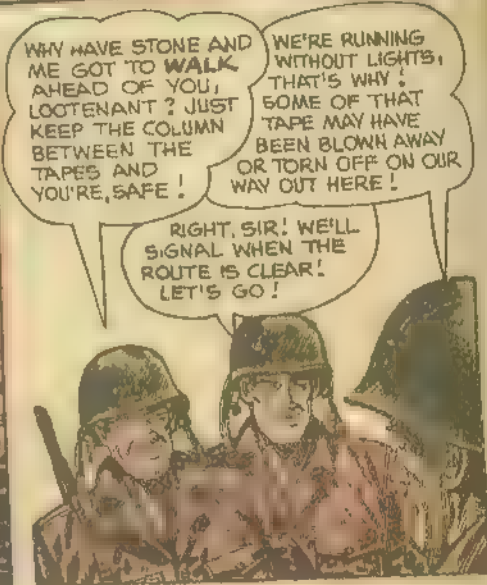
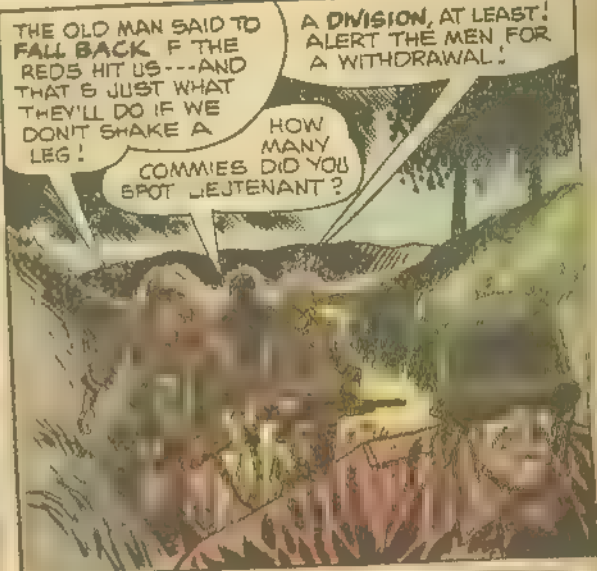


GATE THAT NIGHT...

JUST FOR A CHANGE SUPPOSING YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THIS EQUIPMENT SNAFU, WHILE I GRAB A LITTLE REST!

RRRRRR

# SOLDIER COMICS



# SOLDIER COMICS

SNAFU, WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?  
GET BACK HERE!

HE'S STOPPED  
BARKING, BUT HE'S  
MOVED IN FRONT  
OF ME!

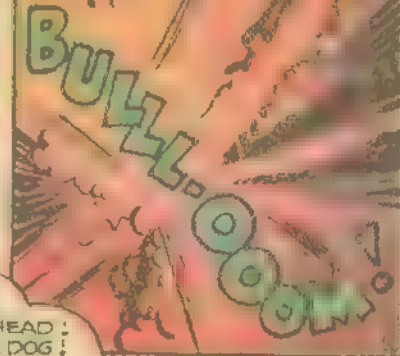


HE'S NEVER DONE THAT  
BEFORE!

SNAFU, COME  
BACK HERE!  
SNAFU!



SNAFU!



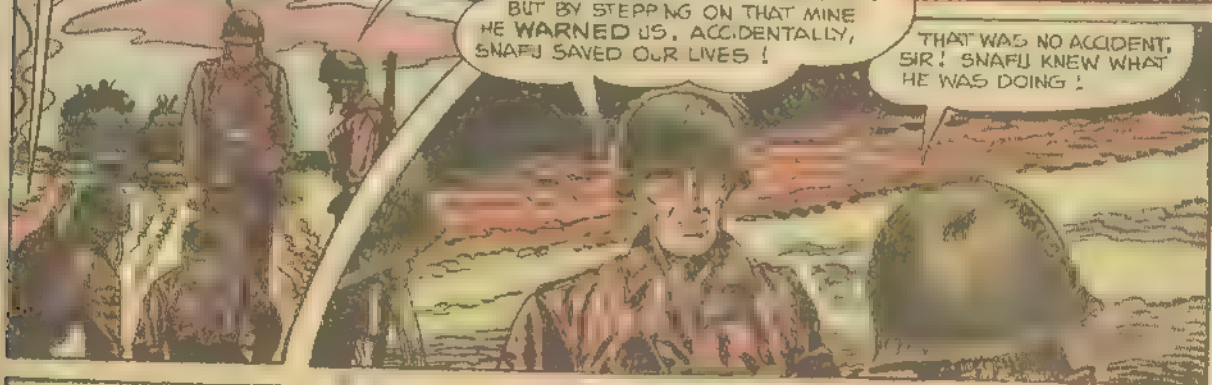
THAT STUPID DOG STEPPED  
ON A MINE AND NEAR BLEW  
US TO BITS!

A MINE!  
BUT THIS ROAD IS  
CLEARED --- WE'VE  
ALREADY TRAVERSED IT  
GOING THE OTHER  
WAY!

THE REDS MUST HAVE SNEAKED  
IN AT NIGHT AND RE-MINED THE  
AREA W THOUT DISTURBING  
THE TAPES!

HECKLER, GET YOUR  
CLEANING WOMEN AND  
RE-SWEEP THE ROAD AHEAD!  
STONE, SORRY ABOUT YOUR DOG!  
BUT BY STEPPING ON THAT MINE  
HE WARNED US. ACCIDENTALLY,  
SNAFU SAVED OUR LIVES!

THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT,  
SIR! SNAFU KNEW WHAT  
HE WAS DOING!



THEN HE WAS THE BRAVEST  
DOG I EVER SAW! NOW,  
WE'RE MOVING ON! CATCH UP  
WITH US WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED!  
YOU PROBABLY WANT TO...

YES, SIR, I DO!  
THANK YOU!



With the 8th Army  
Somewhere in Korea

Dear Beulah,  
The Cooks and Bakers' School over here flunked me out.  
The Captain was nice to me when I rejoined my outfit. He said to me  
Salter, we said nobody ever flunked out of Cooks and Bakers' school before.  
Go how come?  
I'm a good cook, captain. It was just politics.  
You're a good cook, captain? Well see about that!

Go how come?  
 "An' I said, 'I'm a good cook, captain. It was just politics.  
 Politics he said, and with me short of cooks? Well see about that!  
 Cook me a meal, Salter!"  
 "I cooked the Captain a meal. Right after he ate it, he  
 asked me if he ever caught any more fish."

So Benlah, I cooked the Captain a meal. Right after he ate it, he said someday I'd kill somebody with my cooking and if he ever caught me within a hundred yards of the field kitchen, he'd throw a general court martial at me.....



SOLDIER COMICS

... so it surprised me, Beulah, as it will you, that the other day, when the Captain wanted a special meal cooked.. a real special meal.. who did he ask to cook it? None other than your truly yes, me, Pete Salter.

But let me start from the beginning. They shouldn't have flunked me, even if I wasn't exactly at the head of my class in the Corks and Fakers' school..

NOW, SALTER, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN STEAK AND HAMBURGER?

ONE  
DAY!

UGH. YOU CALL THIS COFFEE  
SALTIER? I TASTED BETTER S. JEFF  
DRAINED OFF A BATTERY.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF  
MEAT LOAF AND APPLE  
MOLING,

JUST FOR THE  
RECORD, SALTER,  
WHICH WAS  
WHICH?

SIR, I SPENT ALL NIGHT LOOKING  
AT THE MANUAL "HOW TO CAMOU-  
FLAGE POWDERED EGGS."

NG  
OU- NEXT TIME  
OPEN THE  
MANUAL!  
THEY STILL  
TASTE LIKE  
POWDERED EGGS.

THAT WAS NAVY BEAN SOUP »R

JRP.  
NAVY BEAN SOUP?

CITY THE  
 SAILORS ON  
 A NIGHT  
 LIKE THIS!

IS SAUER + S EAGER DR. BUT HE JUST  
HASN'T GOT THE KNACK!

WELL RETURN HIM TO  
HIS COMPANY, LIEUTENANT! WITH NEW  
STUDENTS COMING WE NEED  
THE SPACE.

CHICKEN A LA CARTER. DON'T  
TICKLE YOUR PALATE 537

YES IT DD. BUT  
ORDINARILY WE - (PT,  
--REMOVE THE  
FEATHERS

AN ARMY  
OF THE  
FUTURE

# SOLDIER COMICS

Well, it broke my heart a little when they shipped me back to my outfit.. The Captain assigned me back to line duty and wouldn't let me cook.....

WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK ON THE LINE, PETE?  
I THOUGHT YOU WAS A COOK!

HOW COME? I THOUGHT  
AT THAT SCHOOL, SALTER  
LEARNED HOW TO COOK  
HUNDREDS OF THINGS!

YEAH!  
BEANS!

ATTENTION!

FOLLOWING MEN FALL  
OUT, IMMEDIATELY FOR A  
PATROL!..... HAYES!  
...MILLER!....

HERE!

HERE!

BLAKE!

HERE!

HERE!

JAMES!

...MILLS!...

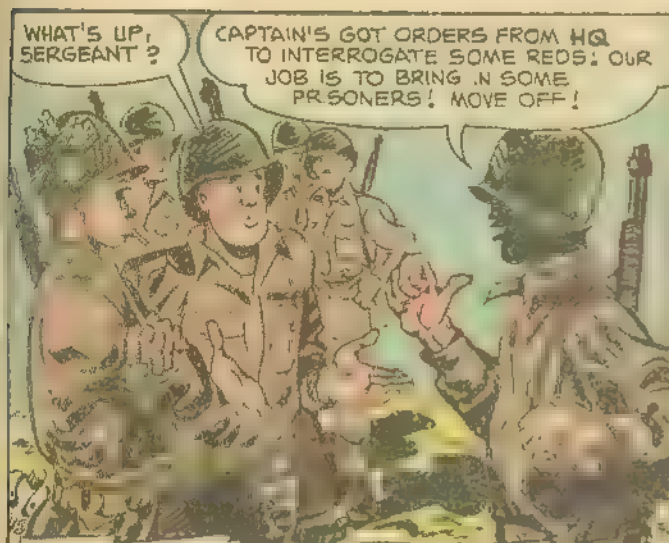
HERE!

SALTER!

HERE!

THIS IS A COMBAT PATROL,  
MEN! CHECK YOUR GEAR TO  
SEE IT DON'T RATTLE!

GET RID OF PERSONAL  
EFFECTS AND ANYTHING  
THAT WOULD BE OF USE TO  
THE REDEYES, JUST IN  
CASE!



...well, Benlah, we crossed over into enemy-held territory and hid out, figuring to knock over a Red patrol. We had to wait quite a while, and I got hungry...





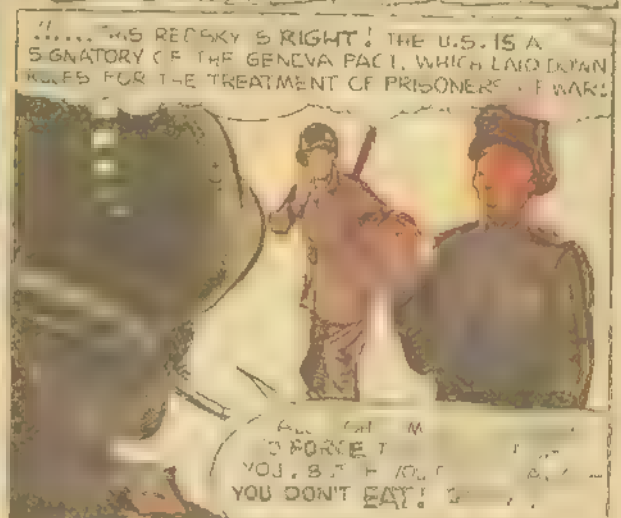
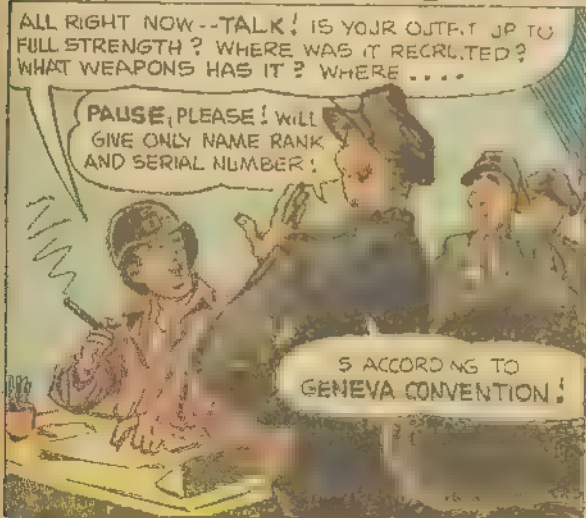
...so we jumped them. And would you believe it, Beulah, each of us tagged a Commie in his own way, without a shot being fired....



# SOLDIER COMICS



Well, Benlah, we herded the prisoners back and the Captain figured now he could forward some info to H.Q. But the interrogation didn't go so good. This wise guy, Won Tu, wouldn't say a word.



NOT EAT? AHA! PRISONERS OF WAR MUST BE FED SAME MENU AS YANKS WHO GUARD THEM! IS ALSO ACCORDING TO GENEVA CONFERENCE!



....I CAN DO THE NEXT BEST THING!....HMMM, AFTER ALL, I'VE EATEN IT...

SALTER!

YES, SIR?

THE RULES OF WAR SAY WE HAVE TO FEED THESE COMRADES! SALTER, I APPOINT YOU TO COOK FOR THEM!

YES, SIR!

COOK THEM SOME OF YOUR FAMOUS BEEF STEW!

YES, SIR!

NEVER COOK THEM ANYTHING BUT YOUR FAMOUS BEEF STEW!

YES, SIR!

Later...

...COOKING FOR PRISONERS IS BETTER'N NOT COOKING AT ALL!

SSSS  
CRACKLE  
HISS

THE 101  
COOK  
BOOK

SOUP'S ON, COMRADES!

YOU FOUND A HOME IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!

COME AND GET IT!

CHOW!

SPUT!  
PLOOOP!

# SOLDIER COMICS

OBSERVE, BRETHREN--IS BEEF STEW! IT IS AS I STATED! YANKS MUST FEED US ACCORDING TO GENEVA CONFERENCE!

FOOEEE!  
IS STRONG STUFF!

BEWARE OF HIM!  
HE IS BELLY BUSTER!

EE YAI! OF WHAT FOUL INGREDIENTS DID HE CONCOCT THIS--URP! BEEF STEW?

--GROAN! IT TASTED NOT UNLIKE PING PONG BALLS BOILED IN A SAUCE OF ARSENIC! IS MURDER!

IS SECRET YANK FORMULA FOR SLOW POISON! IS MUIH KEE FIN!

WHY, THE INGRATES!

...B...BUT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE...

BAH! TEN THOUSAND LOCUSTS CHEW AT OUR GIZZARDS, AND THIS ONE STILL BRAYS ABOUT GENEVA!

OH, WOE! TO THINK THAT THIS MUST BE OUR CONSTANT DIET!

ONE SUCH MEAL WE MAY, IF FORTUNE SMILES, SURVIVE! BUT ANOTHER... CHOP, CHOP, LIGHTS OUT!

GO AT ONCE, WON TU--- GIVE THE CAPTAIN THE KNOWLEDGE HE REQUESTS, ELSE WE PERISH HORRIBLY AT THE HANDS OF THIS...

...BELLYBUSTER!

...AND THE CAPTAIN PROMISES TO SEND US TO A REGULAR PRISONER OF WAR CAMP? WITH A REGULAR COOK?

YES--- PROVIDED YOU START TALKING RIGHT NOW! HQ IS WAITING! TALK!

YES, YES... GO ON!

THE COOK BOOK

Well, Beulah, the Captain once said the day would come when I'd kill somebody with my cooking. I'd sure like to have gone on feeding those Commies.

Love, Pete

WONDER WHAT'S ON TOP? WE'RE NO PIKERS. LET'S HAVE A PEEK! LET'S GO!

PIKERS' PEAK THATAWAY.

WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK! WONDER HOW MUCH FARTHER WE HAVE TO GO? HOW HIGH IS UP?!

WISH I'D BROUGHT SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM TO CHEW! NO CHANCE TO GET ANY NOW 'TIL WE GET DOWN! WE'RE ALMOST THERE-YIPPEE!

HERE YARE, FOLKS! GET YER DUBBLE BUBBLE RIGHT HERE! NO NEED TO WAIT TO GET DOWN!

PUD! WOW! FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE TO CHEW! IT WAS WORTH THE CLIMB!

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